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FOR THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL

OF THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH

IN PHILADELPHIA.

COMPOSED AND COMPILED BY ONE OF THE TEACHERS;

F. F.

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YANKEE
TO
MANHATTAN
YANKEE

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CHILDREN COME

AIR—*The Better Land*

CHILDREN, come ! from all His glory
God, our Father, bends to you ;
Read with love the sacred story,
Know His heavenly kindness true.
Jesus came in strength and beauty,
He has proved the joy of duty,
He has proved the joy of duty,
He has shown God's love to you.

Cold and selfish, all partaking
Of the gifts from God on high,
Men His holy laws were breaking,
Underneath the blessed sky ;
Then stood forth the pure and gifted,
From their eyes the veil was lifted,
From their eyes the veil was lifted,
And they learned that God was nigh.

Jesus taught that, high above us,
God hears every fervent prayer,
Ceasing not to guard, and love us,
From His home eternal there.
Evermore His gifts are falling,
Evermore that love is calling,
Evermore that love is calling,
Still, oh ! still, He answers prayer.

HE GIVES REST TO THE WEARY

AIR—*Rest for the Weary*

IN our hearts we feel His beauty,
The Lord Jesus we would know;
Learn to live in love and duty,
With a still increasing glow.

CHORUS—He gives rest to the weary,
He gives rest to the weary,
He gives rest to the weary,
He gives rest to all.
We may read His loving kindness
To men whose cruel blindness
Could not see the living glory
That gives peace to all.

He saw beauty in the meadow;
Unto Him God's world was fair,
For no evil cast its shadow,
When His soul was gazing there.

CHORUS—He gives rest to the weary, &c.

Oh! to make Him ours forever,
On this earth where once He trod,
Then, through care or sorrow, never
Can we lose our faith in God.

CHORUS—He gives rest to the weary, &c.

O ! it needs no sudden vision,
 Shining in the upper air,
 Well we know, in scenes elysian,
 The Lord Jesus liveth there.

CHORUS—He gives rest to the weary, &c.

Thanks forever, Heavenly Father,
 That when human eyes grow dim
 And deep shadows seem to gather,
 Shines a light divine through Him.

CHORUS—He gives rest to the weary, &c.

HOW SHALL I WORSHIP

AIR—*That Beautiful Land*

HOW shall I worship God above,
 So constant in His holy love ;
 I a weak child, while He on high
 Shaped every star in the evening sky !

CHORUS—Trusting still, trusting still,
 All earnest prayer will He fulfil ;
 Trusting still, trusting still,
 He every prayer will fulfil.

In the true worship Jesus taught,
 By purity of act and thought,
 By kindly deeds for the poor and weak
 Thus the dear Father in truth I seek

CHORUS—Trusting still, &c.

By generous thought and careful tongue
 Never to do another wrong,
 By cheerful looks, and kind reply,
 We worship the God who dwells on high.

CHORUS—Trusting still, &c.

SPRINGTIME

AIR—*The Happy Home*

O H ! the Spring has returned, and the meadows
 Lie green 'neath the fresh, budding trees ;
 The cold, dreary phantoms of winter
 Fly far from such tokens as these.
 Yes, the Spring has come back, a rich beauty
 Steals over the earth and the sky,
 And, quickened by love and by duty,
 The soul feels that springtime is nigh !

CHORUS—Father, to my heart,

Send down the breeze divine,
 That flowers, sweet flowers 'neath heavenly showers,
 May tell that the seed was thine.

The spring comes with life fresh and tender,
 With fragrance, and blossoms, and birds ;
 Unto the great Giver I render
 The thanks never proven by words.
 O, Father ! my praises forever
 In sight of this beauty be Thine,
 May constant and patient endeavor
 Show deep, loving gratitude mine.
 CHORUS—Father, to my heart, &c.

○, BLESS THE LORD JESUS

AIR—*My own Native Land*

O BLESS the Lord Jesus, the holy and pure,
Who lives with the Father above,
And like Him strive with patience to bear every ill,
And to overcome evil with love.
Thus would we always pray,
Thus would we always pray,
Still like Him strive in patience to bear every ill,
And to overcome evil with love.

O, bless the Lord Jesus ! the sorrowing, and weak
Were first in His thought, and His care ;
Help us, too, dear Father, the kind word to speak,
And the sorrows of others to share.
Thus would we always pray,
Thus would we always pray,
Oh ! help us, our Father, the kind word to speak,
And the sorrows of others to share.

O, bless the Lord Jesus, who turned from the throng,
When children were lingering there ;
May He live in our mem'ry, and all that is wrong
Will die out when His spirit is there.
Thus would we always pray,
Thus would we always pray,
May He live in our mem'ry, and all that is wrong
Will die out when His spirit is there.

BROTHERHOOD

AIR—Marching Along

PRAISE to God for His light ! the whole land shall be
free,

Already the gleams of that glory we see ;
May it shine in each heart, making plainer the wrong,
O that glorious Truth,—it is marching along !

CHORUS—Marching along, it is marching along,
That glorious truth !—it is marching along ;
May it shine in each heart, making plainer
the wrong,
The glorious Truth ! it is marching along.

For the land that we love, we would send up a prayer,
And give thanks for free homes, in this sunshiny air ;
Let us prove by true actions, as well as by song,
How we love the great Truth that is marching along.

CHORUS—Marching along, &c.

May the spirit of Jesus glow deep in each breast
To feel for the wrongs of God's children opprest ;
We are weak, but the power of Freedom is strong,
The Truth of Christ Jesus is marching along !

CHORUS—Marching along, &c.

THE VOICE WITHIN

AIR—*Jesus Ever Near*

THE still small voice that speaks within,
I hear it when at play
I speak the loud and angry word
That drives my friend away.

The voice within, the voice within,
O, may I have a care,
It speaks to warn from every sin,
And God has placed it there.

If falsehood whispers to my heart
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
I hear the sad voice nigh.
The voice within, &c.

If selfishness would bid me keep,
What I should gladly share,
I hear again the inner voice,
And then with shame forbear.
The voice within, &c.

I thank Thee, Father, for this friend,
Whom I would always heed ;
O, may I hear its slightest tone
In every time of need.
The voice within, &c.

ASK FREELY

AIR—*The Evergreen Shore*

ASK freely, ask freely! 'tis an hour for prayer,
Under the beautiful sky;
O, what will you ask for that's lovely and fair,
As the angels of Heaven go by?

CHORUS—O, Spirit of Jesus, so true,
Come from that far-shining blue;
Thy great victory is won, and, our lives just begun,
We that bright path would pursue.

'The full treasures unwasting of Love let us claim,
Love will not vanish away,
In the joy of its presence, forever the same,
Life freshens to beautiful May.

CHORUS—Spirit of Jesus, &c.

Not the wealth that will vanish like mist on the hills,
Leaving them all dark and bare,
But a loving, pure life, that all duty fulfils,
For such is the happier prayer.

CHORUS—Spirit of Jesus, &c.

FOR GUIDANCE

AIR—*Walk in the Light*

IN our homes, or in the street,
Guard us well, guard us well.
Keep our souls, and guide our feet,
Guard us in Thy love.
When an evil thought comes nigh,
Guard us well, guard us well ;
Give us power to pass it by,
Guard us in Thy love.

CHORUS—In thy ways, guard us well,
Guard us well, guard us well ;
In Thy ways, guard us well,
Guard us in Thy love.

Fill us with a constant trust,
Guard us well, guard us well ;
Make us honest, brave, and just,
Guard us in Thy love.
Daily duties line our way,
Guard us well, guard us well ;
Help us, Father, day by day,
Guard us in Thy love.

CHORUS—In thy ways, &c.

When the Angel Death shall come,
Guard us well, guard us well ;
We would find a holier home,
Guard us in Thy love.

We would go as spirits free,
 Guard us well, guard us well,
 Filled with peace to dwell with Thee,
 Guard us in Thy love.

CHORUS—In Thy ways, &c.

EARNESTLY PRAY

AIR—*Peacefully Sleep*

EARNESTLY pray, God giveth all !
 Gladly He heareth when we call ;
 Birds and fresh blossoms, in glad reply,
 Look up to Heaven, then why not I ?

CHORUS—Earnestly pray, earnestly pray,
 Pray, little children ! earnestly pray !

Pleasures by day, and rest by night,
 Beautiful things to sense and sight,
 Friends who are waiting their love to share :
 Pray, He has given us all things fair.

CHORUS—Earnestly pray, &c.

Never ungrateful may we prove,
 Unto that Giver whose name is Love,
 Never forgetting us morn or night,
 Sending bright stars, and the waking light.

CHORUS—Earnestly pray, &c.

THOUGHTS OF GOD

FAIR—A Friend that's ever near

TEACH us in each simple duty
Daily hints of Thee to see ;
In the beauty of the summer,
In the bird song from the tree.
Through the glory of the sunset,
Neath the paler light of stars,
Rising unto Thee, Oh, Father !
Breaking through impris'ning bars.

CHORUS—There's a friend that's ever near,
Never fear ! He is ever near,
Children, never fear !
There's a friend that's ever near, never fear,
God is ever near. Never fear !

Teach us in the secret silence,
Or amid the noisy crowd,
When temptation whispers softly,
Or the angry voice sounds loud,
To remember the Unsleeping,
Who enfolds us with His care,
Still in shadow, as in sunlight,
Thou art always watching there.

CHORUS—There's a friend that's ever near, &c.

PRAYER TO OUR FATHER

AIR—*Resting at Home*

LOVINGLY, lovingly, unto Thy praise,
We now in our childhood glad voices would raise ;
And now, while our hearts are unfettered and free,
O, give them the light ever shining from Thee !
Then evil shall never overshadow the sky.
Shine down through our darkness, Oh, Father on high !

CHORUS—Children, Thy children, we never can fear,
Still, though we wander, Thy presence is near.
Children, Thy children, we never can fear,
Still, though we wander, Thy presence is near.

Lovingly, lovingly, turn we to Thee,
The giver of all the rich beauty we see ;
Oh, never may thoughts of Thy bounty grow cold,
Come make us all one in Thy heavenly fold,
O, guard us by day, and at night when we rest,
Send down to us dreams of the true and the best.

CHORUS—Children, Thy children, &c.

Lovingly, lovingly help us to pray,
And guide our young feet in Thy holier way ;
O, send down Thy dove to our hearts, with Thy peace,
Still help us till evil and doubting shall cease,
Until Thy dear angels, so radiant and fair,
Shall take us to Heaven, to dwell with thee there.

CHORUS—Children, Thy children &c.

O, THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN

AIR—*Sweet Hour of Prayer*

O THOUGHTS of Heaven ! pure thoughts of Heaven
From out my heart by evil driven,
Come back to keep me pure and free,
A loving, better child to be.
Although I always see the light,
I do the wrong, neglect the right,
But, by the sting of conscience driven,
I turn again to thoughts of Heaven.

O, thoughts of Heaven ! dear thoughts of Heaven !
With waking light, or starry even,
Through all I do beneath the sun,
May ye like guardian angels run ;
So will I know diviner peace,
From all temptation find release,
And, every evil habit riven,
Forever live in thoughts of Heaven.

FATHER IN HEAVEN

AIR—*There is a Happy Land*

FATHER in Heaven above,
With praise and prayer,
Our souls they hail Thy love,
In this bright air.
Now, in our early youth,
Looking steadfast unto Thee,
Teach us Thy holy truth,
Thine we would be.

Father, we know no fear ;
Safe in Thy care,
If clouds and storm draw nigh,
Still Thou art there.
What though dark shadows fall,
Still shines out the glorious sun :
One Power is ruling all,
Thy will be done.

Martyrs and saints have sung
Through fire and shame ;
Once their clear anthems rung
Praise to Thy name.
Still Thy dear angels sing,—
Children with united voice,
We loving praises bring,
We, too, rejoice.

TRUST

AIR—*A Light in the Window*

I WOULD come to the knowledge of Thee, Father !
Wilt Thou help me more clearly to see,
For like the Lord Jesus, the blessed and pure,
I would grow in the knowledge of Thee.

CHORUS—Thy heavenly truth I would see,
That will make me more happy and free ;
Thy heavenly truth I would see ;
I would come to the knowledge of Thee.

Then all evil and passion will fly, Father,
As I send up my prayer and my praise ;
Sweet peace will come down to my heart like a dove,
When I walk in the light of Thy ways.

CHORUS—Thy heavenly truth, &c.

With the joy and the hope of Thy child, Father,
May they ever be mine while I stay ;
But, a spirit immortal, see Thee at last,
In Thy glorious home, far away.

CHORUS—Thy glorious truth, &c.

UNTO THEE

AIR—*Walk in the Light*

WHILE our hearts are free from care,
Unto Thee, unto Thee,
Since Thy daily gifts we share,
Unto Thee we come.
While our hearts may feel Thy grace,
Unto Thee, unto Thee,
Seeing joy in Nature's face,
Unto Thee we come.

CHORUS—We will come unto Thee,
Unto Thee, unto Thee,
We will come unto Thee
Unto Thee we come.

Father, loving, true, and good,
Unto Thee, unto Thee,
Filled with tender gratitude,
Unto Thee we come.
Angel-hearts in Heaven adore ;
Unto Thee, unto Thee,
All our holiest thoughts would soar,
Unto Thee we come.

CHORUS—We will come, &c.

Thine forever ! O how blest !
Unto Thee, unto Thee,
In thy mercy let us rest,
Unto Thee we come !

Make our daily life divine,

Unto Thee, unto Thee

Every feeling we resign ;

Unto Thee we come.

CHORUS—We will come, &c.

HIGH ABOVE

AIR—*Shall we Sing in Heaven*

HIGH above the stars of Heaven

God is there, God is there,

And below His joy is given ;

Here and everywhere.

CHORUS—Yes, oh, yes, God will bless,

He will bless us.

On His strength our weakness staying,

All our hopes before Him laying,

He will hear our earnest praying,

We will feel God's love.

We have heard the earnest story,

How in love, how in love,

Was revealed a living glory,

Shining from above.

CHORUS—Yes, oh, yes, &c.

Jesus came in raiment lowly,

Jesus came, Jesus came ;

Taught us what was good and holy,

In the Father's name.

CHORUS—Yes, oh, yes, &c.

O, TEACH US

AIR—*Webb*

O TEACH us loving kindness
To all that lives on earth,
That ne'er, in angry blindness,
We drive the angel forth :
The angel ever showing
The good deeds to be done ;
His voice, with love o'erflowing,
Will teach us every one.

The step that, like a blessing,
Falls on the list'ning ear ;
The hand that, still caressing,
Brings love and never fear ;
The spirit always striving
To do the true and fair
Towards every creature living,
Dearest of all things are.

The look that makes another
Feel glad when we come near,
The word unto a brother
That checks the starting tear ;
All things that cheer and soften,
All tenderness and care,
These things, forgotten often,
Are holiest praise and prayer.

LIGHT FROM HEAVEN

AIR—*The Gospel Ship*

WE know that up in Heaven, Heaven, Heaven,
We know that up in Heaven
'Tis ever the brightest day.
We know that peace and beauty beauty, beauty,
We know that peace and beauty
Must be where the angels stay.

CHORUS—Praises ; praise forever,
His pure spirits now are singing !
Praises ! praise forever !
Praises, praises, unto God.

On earth His light is shining, shining, shining,
On earth His light is shining,
As up in the angel's home.

We too may know His glory, glory, glory,
We too may know His glory,—
His blessing to us may come.

CHORUS—Praises, &c.

In daily thoughts of duty, duty, duty,
In daily thoughts of duty,
We feel the glad, heavenly sun.
In every generous action, action, action,
In every generous action,
The deep joy of Heaven is won.

CHORUS—Praises, &c.

FREEDOM REIGNS

AIR—*The Royal Proclamation*

FREEDOM, the great word is spoken !
Stand erect ! All chains are broken !
Freedom, let glad voices ring it,
Slaves no longer, shout it, sing it !

CHORUS—Stripes and scars, 'neath our stars, long ye bore,
Brothers now, lo, Truth is glorious ;
Over all the land victorious
Freedom reigns, Freedom reigns, Freedom reigns.

Up to Heaven it rose, that Crying
From the crushed, the wronged, the dying ;
God sent wide his fiery token,
Lo, all prison bars were broken.

CHORUS—Stripes and scars, &c.

Sunny South, no more a prison,
O'er her darkness light hath risen ;
Long bowed down 'neath cruel scorning,
Now, thank God, she sees the morning.

CHORUS—Stripes and scars, &c.

Stand erect, O dark-skinned brothers,
Kneel to God and not to others ;
Now with heart and hand and treasure,
Let all aid in boundless measure.

CHORUS—Stripes and scars, &c.

FRIEND ABOVE US

AIR—*Savior, like a Shepherd lead us*

BRIGHT the path of Life before me,
Every want by Love supplied,
From the Heavens smiling o'er me
Watch and keep me, Blessed Guide.

CHORUS—Friend above us, guard and love us,
Make us grateful, true, and free;
Thou the nearest, and the dearest,
May we live, O God, to Thee.

Give, oh, give the holy feeling
That will keep me always thine,
Peace and tender Love revealing,
Make these gifts forever mine.

CHORUS—Friend above us, &c.

When the angry word is springing
Teach me silence, I am weak ;
Send the gentle answer, bringing
Hand to hand and cheek to cheek.

CHORUS—Friend above us, &c.

Make me wiser, make me stronger,
Teach me heavenly Charity ;
Guard me yet a little longer ;
Draw me gently unto Thee.

CHORUS—Friend above us, &c.

LOVING KINDNESS

AIR—*The Sunday School*

Give me the tongue that always shrinks
From giving others pain,
The loving heart that never thinks
An act of kindness vain.

CHORUS—O Heavenly Friend, to Thee we call,
And keep us Thine, we pray;
Thy loving care enfoldeth all;
Thy Truth we would obey.

Anoint my eyes, oh, God, to see
The beautiful and true,
And ready hands, O grant to me,
All blessed deeds to do.

CHORUS—O Heavenly Friend, &c.

And may my feet from Wisdom's path
No more in rashness stray,
But kindle bright a steadfast faith
To show the truer way.

CHORUS—O Heavenly Friend, &c.

FREEDOM'S ARMY

AIR—*The Sunday School Army*

O SING the glorious tidings !
The scourge and fetters fall,
The radiant light is breaking
With liberty for all.
That low cry rose up to Heaven ;
Lo, the heavy chains are riven ;
The Father heedeth all.

CHORUS—I am one in Freedom's army,
Truth and justice shine before me ;
A true soldier in this army,
I am sworn to help the weak.

O, Land beloved, how proudly
The Flag of Freedom waves
Above the rescued millions,
No longer hunted slaves !
Long they waited 'neath the shadows,
Vain the light on hills and meadows ;
With toilsome steps they go.

CHORUS—I am one in Freedom's army, &c.

O, worn with heavy burdens,
Who shrink as from a blow,
God sends us, willing helpers,
His blessings ye shall know ;
Justice makes your pathway brighter,
Love shall make your sad hearts lighter ;
Our Father wills it so !

CHORUS—I am one in Freedom's army, &c.

FREEDOM

AIR—*Gather them in*

SLAVERY is dead, Freedom for each ;
Brothers are all to-day,
Freedom of heart and of hand and speech,
Country for all, blessings to each ;
Foolish man's wisdom when God would teach ;
Father, rule us for aye !

CHORUS—Joyously sing, the whole Land is free,
Swell the glad tidings of Liberty ;
Guide us we pray, Light of our way,
Father, rule us for aye !

Martyrs have pined, patriots have bled,
Ours is a glorious day ;
Seed-time and harvest in Freedom's reign,
Hallowed their lives, priceless their gain,
Spirits that triumphed o'er torture and pain,
Honor, glory for aye !

CHORUS—Joyously sing, &c.

Valley and hill, mountain and plain,
Thrill 'neath the light of this day ;
Treason is crushed and all men are free ;
Bondmen no more, for Liberty
Giveth her light whereby we see
Brothers, helpers for aye !

CHORUS—Joyously sing, &c.

THE ARMY OF THE LORD

AIR—*Musz i' denn*

O SCATTERED Army of the Good,
That wage a noiseless strife,
Ye great and silent multitude,
That guard the path of Life ;
Unarmed, save by the simple shield
Of Faith, that all enwrought
With power, when steel would lose the field
Victorious light hath caught ;

If still ye lead in princely dress,
Or toil in lowly cot,
Beloved, or in a lone distress,
Still on, and falter not !
If Earth hath in some generous mood
Named loud her champions bold,
Or dying look, in solitude,
A Holier blessing told ;

If trophies of a victory won
O'er selfish pride is gained,
If, at the setting of the sun,
No bitter scorn hath stained ;
With spirits stronger than before
Press towards the heavenly goal,
Where Peace will reign forevermore,
And Glory crown the whole !

HOW CAN WE SERVE

AIR—*Heavenly Rest*

HOW can we serve The Holy One,
Who lives above?
He sent His true and Holy son
To teach us love.

CHORUS—Thoughts of kindness, always springing,
Truer lives before Him bringing,
Cheerful hearts forever singing,
Will prove our love.

O we are weak, yet He who knows
When sparrows fall,
Who sends the wind where'er it blows,
Will heed us all.

CHORUS—For our good he sends the shower,
Gives the harvest, tints the flower,
Guards us in each careless hour,
Hears when we call.

All grateful thoughts for each soft breeze,
For loving friends,
For fruit, and bird-song from the trees—
These gifts He sends.

CHORUS—Past the gift unto The Giver
Looking, loving, serving ever,
Every hour of best endeavor,
Proves us His friends.

O may we prove the love we bear,
 In truth, in truth,
 Since daily all His gifts we share,
 We give our youth,

CHORUS—All our best in boundless measure,
 All that holy spirits treasure,
 Coming with a sacred pleasure,
 We give in truth.

◆◆◆◆◆

GOD IS MY FATHER

AIR—*Pilgrim Band*

GOD is my Father ; never again
 May His rich blessings drop down in vain ;
 Heedless, ungrateful though I may be,
 God guards my footsteps by land, or by sea.

CHORUS—I am weak, but God is strong,
 Thankless oft, His patience long,
 While I raise a grateful song,
 Father, hear me !

Give me the beauty I long to reach,
 Higher than singing, deeper than speech,
 Beauty undying the angels love,
 Free from all sin in their bright home above.

CHORUS—I am weak, &c.

So will the rays of love and of truth,
 Brighter than sunlight, shine on my youth ;
 So, when the angels their anthems raise,
 My voice may join in their holier praise.

CHORUS—I am weak, &c.

O, EASY THE SERVICE

AIR—*The River of Life*

O EASY the service the Father would ask,
Then think not His worship nor praises a task,
For dear are all children, where e'er they may be :
The little ones Jesus once blest at His knee.

CHORUS—Low He calls to your hearts, to your hearts,
to your hearts, low he calls,
Come and meet The Father now,
Come with loving hearts, now.
Yes, come and meet The Father,
Come in joy and gladness.
Yes, come and meet The Father,
Come and meet Him, come now

He seeks not one pleasure to brush from your path,
In love He is speaking, and never in wrath ;
He would gather all little ones under His care,
And beautiful garments He gives them to wear.

CHORUS—Low he calls, &c.

The silkworm may spin, but the vesture of truth
Is a rich shining garb, and an innocent youth
More lovely and bright for the eye to behold
Than flashing of diamonds or sparkling of gold.

CHORUS—Low He calls, &c.

Then come, little children ; your heart service bring
To God, our dear Father, and lovingly sing :
Sing clear in the calm of this beautiful day ;
Our Father in heaven will hear what you say.

CHORUS—Low He calls, &c.

DIVINE AIR

AIR—*O, say, will you be there?*

O FATHER, in the days of youth
I long to feel Thy holy truth,
And joys that angels know;
I cannot doubt Thy loving care,
Which every child on earth may share.

CHORUS—Each child on earth may share
The joys true spirits wear.
O, Father, aid each one
Beneath the sun.—

Whene'er temptation bars my way,
O, give me power to stop and say,
“Send down Thy help divine,
“Send down thy help divine to me.”
So will the evil quickly flee.

CHORUS—Each child, &c.

O, guide me in the narrow way
That leads where holy angels stay,
For I would join them there;
Would come at last, a spirit free,
To my eternal home, and Thee.

CHORUS—Each child, &c.

MAKE US LOVING

AIR—*Call the Children Early*

MAKE us loving children, Father,
While we pray to Thee,
May our holiest feelings gather
Round this service free.
Let thy answering voice sound clear,
In our hearts forever near.
Let thy answering voice, &c.

Make us loving children, Father,
Gentle each to each,
Kindly in each look and action,
Thoughtful in our speech,
Whether at our work or play,
Still unselfish all the day.

Make us loving children, Father ;
Lead us to Thy rest,
For of all Thy many blessings,
Trusting hearts are best ;
Earth a blooming garden fair,
With this spirit reigning there.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

AIR—*Musz i' denn*

KIND friends have decked the Christmas Tree
With lights and tokens gay;
Sweet Peace, and Hope, and Liberty,
Make glad all hearts to day,
And standing 'neath the glittering boughs,
With mingled voice we sing :
“ O, Father hear our loving vows,
Who givest every thing.

“ Our life, our joys, each pleasant home,
Our gifts, each token fair;
From heaven alone all blessings come,
And love is reigning there.
O, Father, shine within our hearts,
With Trust, and not in Fear,
We long to find the better part;
Speak, Father, we would hear !”

We sing around the Christmas Tree;
The Christ-Child bends above;
O'er all the glittering things we see,
He seems to whisper “ *Love!* ”
Ring out, oh, voices, clear and free,
Wake all the quiet air;
Ring out in joyous melody,
For gladness is a prayer !

TO GOD OUR FATHER

AIR—*Canaan*

TO GOD, our Father, ever sing,
To Him let us bring glad praises;
The love that gives us everything,
All the heart's best affection raises.

CHORUS—With praises, glad praises,
We would send up our earnest praises;
Each bird on the tree sings clear to Thee,
In the fresh morning hymn it raises.

The beauty of the earth is thine,
And is filled with a loving wonder;
Lead us in lowliness to shine,
And on Nature's deep beauty ponder.

CHORUS—With praises, &c.

May little flowers, hid in green,
Bring us thoughts of the loving Giver,
And love for Him who, though unseen,
Is thus sending us gifts forever.

CHORUS—With praises, &c.

INFLUENCE OF JESUS

AIR—*Hamburg*

WE cannot see the Father's face,
But He hath sent His Holy Son,
To show us how, in every place,
God's blessed will may still be done.

Our evil passions drown the voice
That sounded by Genesareth's shore;
We long to make the better choice,
And hear its music evermore.

For once the loving Jesus stood,
And blest the children at His knee;
He lived a life, how true! how good!
His constant followers we would be.

There are no hands so weak, so small,
They may not find God's work to do;
He gives His guiding light to all,
Who ask with spirits pure and true.

Lord Jesus come! our Guide, our Friend,
Dwell in our hearts, and make us free;
Help us our failings to amend,
To grow in spirit more like Thee.

FAITH IN GOD

AIR—*Balerna*

O RICHLY, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by Thee !
And morning, noon and night Thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deep within my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host,
Encamping round about.

FURNESS.

THE BETTER PART

AIR—*Hamburg*

O MAY I choose the better part,
Like Mary at Christ Jesus' knee,
And listen with an earnest heart,
For still the Saviour speaks to me.

He lived for God and man alone ;
 His soul, by fierce temptation riven,
 To grander heights than men had known
 Rose up and found its strength in Heaven.

O, may I stop when selfish thought
 Would lead my childish heart astray !
 Be to my mind the vision brought
 Of Christ, The Truth, the Life, the Way !

 HOLINESS

AIR—*Reeves*

MINE be the tongue that always shrinks
 From giving others pain,
 The loving heart that never thinks
 An act of kindness vain.

Mine be the eyes that long to see
 The beautiful, and true ;
 May ready hands be granted me
 All loving acts to do.

And may my feet from wisdom's path
 No more in rashness stray ;
 And from within, a steady light,
 Shine on my daily way.



OBEDIENCE

AIR—*Children in Heaven*

TO God, who sent His Holy Son
To teach us how to live,
To Him, who loves us every one,
Our grateful song we give.

CHORUS—Singing praises, praises, praises
never-ceasing.

Singing praises, praises, praises
never-ceasing.

We see Him not, the Father kind,
Yet is He everywhere ;
O may we have the trusting mind,
And feel His presence there.

CHORUS—Singing praises, &c.

He calls us to Himself: we come
To love, and serve, and pray ;
From out Thy everlasting home,
Speak, Father! we obey.

CHORUS—Singing praises, &c.

CHRIST, WHO STRENGTHENETH ME

AIR—*Watchman, tell us of the night*

FREEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee ?

Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy Holy Son ;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of Him ;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord
In my weakness, thus shall I,
Learn to live and learn to die ;

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

FURNESS.

N THE MORNING

AIR—*Watchman, tell us, &c*

IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds overcast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, oh God, from tears !
Every step Thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend !

FURNESS.

LITTLE CHILDREN, COME

AIR—*Pilgrim, halting staff in hand*

LITTLE children, come to God,
He will aid, He will aid ;
Little children, come to God,
His love will aid.

When the angry glance would come,
Or the sullen lips be dumb,
Pray to Him, pray to Him ;
His love will aid.

Speak, oh speak the honest truth,
Evermore, evermore ;
Speak, oh speak the honest truth,
For evermore.

Though no friend may guess the lie,
Holy eyes are always nigh :
Shun the sin, shun the sin,
For evermore.

To a playmate still be kind,
Still be kind, still be kind ;
Yielding with a willing mind,
Still, still be kind.
God above is good to you,
Thus you prove your love is true ;
Love is true, Love is true,
Still, still be kind.

MY YOKE IS EASY

AIR—*Over the Ocean Wave*

“**M**Y yoke is easy, and my burden light :”
So Jesus spoke, our Saviour, our Friend ;
He healed the sick, He to the blind gave sight,
And came the lowly and wronged to defend.

CHORUS—Loving Thee, loving Thee, children we come
Guide us in safety unto our bright home.
Loving Thee, loving Thee, children we come,
Guide us in safety unto our bright home.

“My yoke is easy, and my burden light :”
So spoke the Son, who to divine commands
Gave willing heed, and lived the life so bright,
That high, o'er chance and change, forever stands.

CHORUS—Loving Thee, &c.

“Thy yoke is easy, and Thy burden light.”
O, loving Jesus, with an earnest heart
I, too, would read the Father's will aright,
And from His holy presence never part.

CHORUS—Loving Thee, &c.

BLESS OUR LITTLE BAND

AIR—*Hail, hail this Happy Day*

COME to us, O gracious Father,
As we wait Thy holy will,
When within this place we gather,
Every heart with reverence fill !

CHORUS—And now, as here we stand,
 Bless all this little band ;
 Loving Thee, here we stand :
 Bless our little band.

May we feel that each endeavor
 Towards the highest good we see,
Helps to build the shining ladder
 Leading up to Heaven and Thee.

CHORUS—And now, &c.

In the ways of daily duty,
 Make us like Thy Holy Son ;
Teach our hearts the matchless beauty
 Of His prayer : “Thy Will be done.”

CHORUS—And now, &c.

CHILDREN NOW SING

AIR—*Canaan's Shore*

CHILDREN now sing in heaven above,
In praises to Him whose best name is Love ;
Free from all sin, so glad and fair,
Still loving and loved, they are gathered there.

CHORUS—Children in heaven ! so bright and free,
I hear your sweet voices still calling me.
Children in heaven ! so bright and free,
I hear your sweet voices still calling me.

Tender and true in thought and deed,
So kind to all others in time of need,
Once on this earth they stayed like me,
Though beautiful spirits in heaven they be.

CHORUS—Children in heaven ! &c.

Evil will come, will speak in my ear,
Of things that I would not your spirits should hear ;
Come ye around me, whisper to me,
And quickly the wicked temptation will flee.

CHORUS—Children in heaven ! &c.

And when the Father calls me home,
No more from you and His love to roam,
Gladly I'll join the throng on high,
O, beautiful children, that never die !

CHORUS—Children in heaven ! &c.

JESUS, BY THY SIMPLE BEAUTY

AIR—*Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us*

JESUS, by Thy simple beauty,
Grander than the world has known,
Draw us, that through earnest duty
We may reach the Father's throne.

CHORUS—Ever near us, guide and cheer us,
Touch our eyes that we may see !
If Thou charm us, naught can harm us ;
Still the Father calls through Thee.

As we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Star of Hope, across the ages,
Through the dark, illume our view.

CHORUS—Ever near us.

Long the world has dwelt in blindness,
Empty rite and formal creed
Hiding the dear Father's kindness ;
Jesus, Thou our strength indeed.

CHORUS—Ever near us.

Not Thy blood, so freely given,
Drives away a King's dark frown ;
Always, from yon cloudless Heaven,
Eyes of love are looking down.

CHORUS—Ever near us.

Faith, Hope, Love ! oh shine before us ;
These will make our lives divine :
Saviour, ever bending o'er us,
Be each thought and act like thine !

CHORUS—Ever near us.

JESUS, THE **LL**IFE

AIR—Sing to the Saviour

SING, sing, light is around us !
Love, love, holy thy ray !
Fall, fall, fetters that bound us !
Jesus hath pointed the way ;
Jesus hath lived, Jesus hath died ;
Still He is showing the way.

Son, Son, holy and tender,
Who, who teacheth like Thee !
Shine, shine, in Thy deep splendor,
Thine unto death we would be ;
Friends through our life, friends unto death.
Evermore Thine we would be.

Come, come, wings of the morning,
Waft, waft, prayer to God's throne ;
Good, good ever returning,
Comes from the Father alone.
Gifts far and wide, on every side,
Come from the Father alone.

Hope, trust, share in God's favor ;
Live, live, heeding the call
Breathed, breathed still by the Saviour :
Heaven is open to all ;
His spirit free, aiding to see,
Heaven is open to all.

BLESSINGS ON THEE, GRACIOUS LORD

AIR—*Benevento*

BLESSINGS on Thee, gracious Lord !
Every child shall bless Thy name,
For each gentle look and word
When to Thee the children came.

Happy child, upon whose head,
As he sat upon Thy knee,
Thy kind hand was softly laid,
Blessing him,—how tenderly !

Hark ! that voice is raised in prayer,
Which could still the maniac wild ;
Lo, that mighty hand is there,
Laid in blessing on a child.

Blessings on Thee, gracious Lord !
Every child shall bless Thy name,
For each gentle look and word
When to Thee the children came.

FURNESS.

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